

A Kiss a Yard

Walking up to a department store's fabric counter, a pretty girl said, "I want to buy this material for a new dress. How much does it cost?"

"Only a kiss a yard," answered the smirking male clerk.

"That's fine," replied the girl. "I'll take ten yards."

With expectation and anticipation written all over his face, the clerk hurriedly measured out and wrapped the cloth, then held it out teasingly. The girl snapped up the package and pointed to a little old man standing beside her. "Grandpa will pay the bill," she smiled.